

# THE UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Literature, Politics, and the Current News of the Day.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 25, 1876.

NUMBER 25.

Two individuals stood on the capitol steps just after the adjournment of the House, watching the Congressmen as they came out. A casual observer would have taken the pair for intelligent foreigners studying the institutions of the country. Yet they were no strangers to Washington. One was the Devil's Undertaker, the other was the Devil himself.

"Well, what do you think of Blaine?" said a Congressman to Ben Wade at the hearing of our friends.

"He beats the Devil," sentimentally remarked the ex-statesman.

The great unknown thus alluded to smiled placidly and said to his companion: "Beats the Devil, does it? Beats the Devil, does it?"

"Very good."

"Is it funny, your Majesty?" replied the undertaker, and they both laughed.

"It is evident that these people do not comprehend the dual nature of the Satanic principle. They do not see that the Devil is as distinct from the Devil's Undertaker as Vishnu, the preserver, is from Siva, the destroyer. It is your interest, of course, to maintain these rascals on earth just as long as they give any promise of further usefulness to the cause. I gather them in when you are through with them. Yet, whenever a poor wretch winds up his career and disappears in a glory of brimstone, the world says, 'Gone to the Devil,' when, if it knew things as they are, it would say, 'Abandoned by the Devil to the tender mercies of the Devil's Undertaker.'"

Both of these pleasant gentlemen laughed again, and quite heartily.

"Sometimes you are decidedly in too much of a hurry for your victims," said the first speaker. "I have great faith in the final effect of my ministrations."

"Giving him plenty of rope."

"At all events," said the undertaker politely, "we are perfectly agreed in regard to our Brother Blaine. Even your sanguine, trustful heart cannot hope to get any more service out of him. In less than fifteen minutes I shall take quiet satisfaction in shaking him off. Here he comes now."

"One moment with your grace, Mr. Blaine," said the Devil, stepping forward and beckoning the ex-Speaker a little apart. The Undertaker followed, cheerfully juggling a pair of handcuffs in his pocket.

Mr. Blaine turned white and then red, as his voice trembled a little, as he said: "Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"Come at once to the point," said the Devil. "I hold here a document containing a covenant, or contract, or bond, just as you please, by which I furnished you with ability, skill, pluck, wit, magnetic eloquence, audacity even to impudence—in short, with everything equal to needful to subserve ambition in attaining success. Here is your signature, you see, all regular and witnessed by our mutual friend, Hannibal Hamlin."

"I remember, now," said Blaine, quickly, "I had almost forgotten your face. Haven't seen you, I believe, since I was a member of the Maine Legislature. How have you been, old fellow? Come down to dinner and bring your friend. Should like to have you meet Sam Ward."

"Thanks," said the Devil, "but it will be impossible. Business is business. You remember that there was a consideration mentioned in the bond."

"I do recall something of the kind," stammered Blaine, nervously. "But of course you don't mean to—Pshaw! Why, I was young then, and didn't understand the nature of a bond. I was fraudulently induced to sign the paper, I—besides it's outlawed."

"It is not outlawed," answered the Devil, firmly. "Everything is legal and regular, and, after mature deliberation I have determined to hand you over to my undertaker here."

The Devil's Undertaker stepped up with a smile, and a courteous nod to Mr. Blaine. "But surely," continued Blaine, "you will not enforce the bond. O, think of my family, my friends, my connections. Let them plead for me. Try me a little longer. I can still be of service to you. I don't feel that I shall be a deadhead in any enterprise you may suggest. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful."

With a wave of his hand the Devil referred this piteous petition to the Undertaker.

"It is so nominated in the bond," said the undertaker. "I must insist upon a strict interpretation of its provisions."

"Let me retire into private life, into obscurity, into oblivion," urged the ex-Speaker.

"It will not do," said the undertaker, "I remember coming here under similar circumstances just about four years ago. We were after Colfax then. The poor wretch pleaded so hard and wept so bitterly that against my better judgment, I gave him a corpse not worth the burying. How did he pay me? Went lecturing to Young Men's Christian Associations! That is my last experiment in the merciful line."

"At least," said Blaine, in apparent despair, "you will allow me to look over the bond. Give me fair play. There may be some flaw in the phraseology."

"My papers are always pretty strongly drawn," said the Devil, with a smile; but I have no objection to letting you satisfy yourself, provided, of course, you will give me your word of honor as between gentlemen, that you will return the document."

"Certainly," said Blaine, "I give you my word."

The paper passed into Mr. Blaine's hands. He sat down on the capitol steps and read it attentively, while the Devil and the Devil's Undertaker stood by, patiently waiting.

Then a sudden change came over Mr. Blaine's countenance. He flushed to the roots of his hair with virtuous indignation. He buttoned the bond in his inner breast.

pocket and jumping to his feet, exclaimed in an excited manner:

"What is this? An attempt to injure me with my own private papers! An invasion of the personal rights of an American citizen! An outrage on the inalienable privileges of every free-born republican! A dastardly attempt to blacken my reputation by a perversion of my own handwriting! Never, never, shall I give up this bond! I defy the Ex-Confederacy and all its minions."

The vehemence of Mr. Blaine's invective had drawn a crowd around him. Somebody suggested that there must be something in the paper which called for concealment.

"Concealment!" he shrieked. "Concealment is a thought. Whenever concealment is made, avoidance is advised. My action is entirely based on broad principles of abstract right. Listen, and I will read to you, and to all the world, and to all the universe, what is in that bond."

Then he read, and what the admiring audience heard was a letter written from Augusta by Mr. Blaine to Hannibal Hamlin, complimenting the latter on the possession of ability, skill, pluck, wit, personal beauty, magnetic eloquence, and integrity even to blamelessness.

"Vindicated! Vindicated!" shouted the crowd; tossing their hats in the air and cheering till the heavens rang. "Vindicated triumphantly, but hadn't you better show the letter to somebody, just as a mere form?"

"Oh, that is wholly unnecessary," said Mr. Blaine, buttoning up the bond in his pocket again and walking coolly away. "Didn't I read it?"

The Devil and his companion had watched the vindication with quiet interest. "There's no more in Jim Blaine yet," said the Devil, "but I shall do better let him run his course."

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LABOR REFORM.

Editors Columbia Register:—The independence of the farmer's life is now-a-days, and perhaps always was, an attraction. It is all very lovely for the bard to sing of gentle spring, and bursting nature; and the skipping lambs, and the lowing herds, and the fresh turned earth, and all that. 'Tis all very well to say that the farmer has none of the brain work to worry him that suicides so many frail creatures who have bank accounts now due that they can't meet; so many that are brought to desperation by the privations of a city pauper life; so many who despair because, from the pressure of the times, they cannot foresee any means of securing a livelihood for their families.

I say all this will do for the poetic part of a man's life. But when we come down to the practical part, how differently things are.

Nothing of "the sweat of the brow," the burning sun, the piercing cold, the exposure to each, the tired body, and the like, for these are contingencies from which we claim no independence.

But the ideal farmer's life attributes to the farmer a mastery, a control, an ability to conduct his liking, and the privilege of saying how, where, when and what work shall be done to elevate his farm to its greatest productive capacity.

This ideal is to-day a mighty delusion. The farmer may sweat, and burn, and freeze, and exhaust his physical efforts to little purpose so long as demoralization runs riot over the land, labor has no stability, and there is no such thing as concert of action or thought amongst those who are technically known as the producers of the land.

And this is the exact condition of our country to-day. There is no system, no unity of purpose, no concert of action amongst the farmers. Labor is not stable.

For you may hire Jim in January for a year; he pitches your crop, becomes dissatisfied with your *modus operandi*, and you are left with a crop of discontent.

"Tramps" swarm the country, work here to-day, idle yonder to-morrow, and commit depredations everywhere as they go.

Through these sources, too, incendiary and other pernicious doctrines are disseminated. The isolated farmer, with his defenseless family, is constantly preyed upon by these and other causes, feels under these circumstances the burthen of mental anxiety, and attempts to devise means of relief from the pressure. Association is his first idea; reform the second, and the resultant profit the third. What more natural?

For these reasons, and with this view, have our friends on Saluda River, in the vicinity of old Stony Point, the most quiet of the western side of the State, organized themselves into a "Labor Reform Association," and adopted a constitution, to which has been attached the signature of every real estate owner in that precinct, and a copy of which I send you for publication, that others may see our good works, &c. Your obedient servant,

A FARMER.

Greenwood, June 12, 1876.

LABOR REFORM CONSTITUTION.

We, the citizens of the vicinity of Stins Cross Roads, Abbeville County, S. C., have felt it incumbent upon ourselves to organize for the purpose of effecting the objects set forth in the following constitution:

ORGANIZATION.—The object of this organization shall be to benefit our country by conciliating capital and labor; by increasing the productiveness of our investments, and by lessening the intolerable burden of taxation.

NAME.—This organization shall be known as Labor Reform Association, No. 1.

OFFICERS.—The officers of this association shall be a President, one Vice President, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall be elected by ballot and serve one year from day of election.

There shall be an Executive Committee, consisting of five members, to be elected by ballot and to serve for one year, and whose duty it shall be to enforce the provisions of this constitution, subject to an appeal to the association.

MEETINGS.—This association shall meet at 2 P. M. on the second Saturday of each month, at Bethlehem Academy, unless otherwise provided at a previous meeting.

MEMBERSHIP.—Any person can become a member of this association who shall receive a two-thirds vote of the members present and subscribe his name to this constitution.

QUORUM.—One-fourth the members of this association shall constitute a quorum.

FEES AND DUES.—There shall be no initiation fees nor dues, but current expenses shall be defrayed by a majority vote.

OBLIGATIONS.—No member of this association shall hire or allow to be employed on his or her farm any laborer who cannot produce a discharge from his or her former employer, unless by consent of said employer, or the Executive Committee of this association.

No member shall employ any laborer at the end of the year who is in arrears with his or her last employer for advances made during the year, without satisfactory arrangements being made for paying the same.

No member shall knowingly employ any laborer who has wantonly violated the laws of his country.

No member shall withhold a discharge from any laborer justly entitled to the same.

PENALTIES.—Any member violating any of the provisions of this constitution, and persisting in the same, shall be dismissed from the association.

AMENDMENTS.—This constitution may be amended by a three-fourths vote of those present at any meeting: *Provided*, Notice of such an amendment shall have been given at a previous meeting.

SPECIAL.—The President shall have power to convene this association whenever in his judgment it shall be deemed necessary.

A startling rumor comes from Paris that long gloves, reaching nearly to the elbow and requiring twenty buttons, will be essential to the peace of mind of every well-dressed lady this year.

BEER-DRINKING AND TEMPERANCE.

Perhaps the temperance question is not exactly solved in Munich; I don't know if it was ever raised; indeed the temperance question has made so little progress that the other has probably not been reached. You wouldn't say that the Munichians are moderate in the use of beer. I have seen people at home—and raging thirst seems to be our national birthright—drink water just as recklessly, deluging the pale and drenching stomach with the cold, icy cold fluid. Probably the German would expatiate eloquently upon the horrors of water-drinking if he had any experience in that line. The Munichian is content not to try any hazardous experiment; having struck the medium way of beer he deviates neither to water on the one hand nor wine on the other. And it was not he but a Prussian, whose opinion and experience gave his remark some weight, who said, on the other day: "As for me, when I can get good water, pure fresh water, I let the beer stand one side, and drink wine." It makes all the difference in the world with one's temperance principles whether he lives on the Rhine or on the Isar. There is a saying here that a Munich man is a beer cask in the morning, and a cask of beer at night; the epigram needs no explanation here, but it might be misunderstood elsewhere. If one were disposed philosophically to study the temperance problem, Munich would be a good field for it, for one can see here exactly what is the effect of unrestrained liberty, though, in applying what one learned here to our own country, you would have to allow for the difference of climate and of the temperance of the people. It doesn't at all follow that what would do for Munich, would do for Hartford. Probably you could not find in the whole city a man or a woman who has ever thought of what we call total abstinence, and they could not comprehend the idea. But there are plenty of temperate people—that is, people who drink beer regularly and never overstep the bounds of moderation. The observation that one makes in Munich is that drunkenness is a rare exception. In a residence here of many months I have never seen more than one or two intoxicated people in the streets, and they were not marked by the ill-effects of vicious drinking. It is rather good humored carls, who know their way, and didn't seem to care whether they ever found it. But this seems very remarkable, when there is a beer-house every half-block, and you cannot select a residence in any part of the town that is not as handy to a *beer hall* as it is to a public school or a church. And I cannot see that the free use of beer tends to any habit of intemperance. I have known strangers to indulge freely in beer here the whole season and be just as good temperate people at the end as they were in the beginning. Whether the Germans, especially the men, do waste a good deal of time in beer halls, afternoon after afternoon, and night after night, swigging endless mugs, is another question. And it is a fair question to raise. The question is, however, a more speculative one, so long as the Germans continue to produce so many scholars, philosophers, men of incalculable erudition, wonderfully energetic travelers and explorers, and conquering soldiers.

A KENTUCKY GIRL'S VENGEANCE UPON A SLANDERER.—We are informed that a pitched battle was fought in the Sunday School at Holt's school house, on the Love-haven road, about fifteen and a half miles from Paducah, on Sunday last, which for a time created considerable commotion, and resulted in a severe injury to a young man known as "Step John Rudolph," by a young lady named Miss Melissa Collier. It appears that Rudolph is a very long limbed individual, and that he had slandered Miss Collier, who is considered a young lady of excellent standing in that community. Learning that he was at the Sunday School above mentioned, and being exasperated beyond measure, she armed herself with a hickory club and entered the house crying. The superintendent was just about to begin to read a chapter in the Bible when he was interrupted by the exclamation: "Where is the scoundrel?" The whole school looked up in utter amazement, and discovered the lady making toward the corner where Rudolph was seated, with desperation in her eyes. Swinging her club as she approached Rudolph, she was heard to say, "Oh, here he is!" and whack went the stick upon his head, giving him a glancing blow, but of sufficient force to knock him over on the bench. Being in a corner, he could not get out handily, and Miss Collier seized the club with both hands and gave him a terrible beating over the head, body and arm, which he held forward for protection. The superintendent endeavored to hold the young lady, to prevent her from kicking Rudolph, but he could do nothing with her, and not until further assistance came could she be taken away from the object of her hatred. Rudolph's arm was very badly hurt. He employed Governor King to assist Mr. Samuel Bryce, County Attorney, in prosecuting the case, and the trial came off before Squire Emmett Rudolph, resulting in a fine of one cent and costs against the young lady. Step John Rudolph was fined \$5.—Paducah, (Ky.) News.

A young man in Western Wisconsin, who was about to be married the other day, suddenly remembered that he had not fed his horse, and the ceremony had to wait until the horse was cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found every day, while thirteen different girls wanted to marry him.

AN INDEPENDENT.—"Skin an Independent and catch a sealawag. An Independent is the meanest kind of a Radical, because he is so sure to be worse than an open enemy."—Chronicle and Sentinel.

WELL DONE ALABAMA.—The dispatches inform us that the recent Democratic Convention of Alabama—one of the largest ever held in the State, every county but three being represented—re-nominated Governor Geo. S. Houston, the old wheel-horse. In doing this, they did very well.

Governor Houston is in many respects a most remarkable man. Although nearly three score and ten, he is as fresh and vigorous as when, thirty five years ago, he first took his seat in Congress. He has a fine mind, strong argumentative powers, a indomitable will and energy, and has won a hold upon the affections of the people which cannot be shaken. We witnessed a portion of his canvass two years ago, and it was, wherever he went, a continuous triumphal march. We saw men who had been strong Republicans ever since the end of the war come to him at the close of his speeches and swear by all the gods that, convinced by his powerful appeals and arguments, they would never more act with that accursed party.

From 1841 till 1861, Gov. Houston continuously represented the Florence District in the House of Representatives, with the exception of one term, when he declined an election. In the winter of 1865 he was elected to the United States Senate, but, like the other members then chosen from the Confederate States, was not allowed to take his seat. In 1874 he was elected Governor, running ahead of every other man on the Democratic ticket, and receiving 13,190 majority over a man who had been elected two years previously by 8,497 votes. This is his past record.

The State election in Alabama comes off, under the new Constitution, some time in August, we believe. With Governor Houston at the head of our ticket, and the true men who are associated with him, with the terrible split in the ranks of Alabama Radicalism, that State will give a glorious endorsement for the Southern Democracy, in this, our Centennial Presidential year. When she speaks, it will be with a voice of thunder.

GEN. HANCOCK.—The speech which we copy below, Gen. Hancock, at the reunion of the Army of the Potomac, is in striking contrast with the miserable and offensive remarks of Generals Sherman and Sheridan on the same occasion. It is brief, but able and generous in sentiment. It shows the true patriot and gentleman, while the others to whom we have alluded are the productions of consummate vulgarity and brag.

"Comrades of the Army of the Potomac: We are assembled here to-day, on the anniversary of the battle of Antietam, to renew and cement friendships formed on the field of battle, to enquire as to the welfare of absent comrades, to determine the gaps made in our ranks by time, and to inaugurate such measures as may be possible or necessary to aid worthy comrades in distress, or the widows and orphans of deceased comrades who may require our assistance."

"We have no other purpose in meeting here. Here politics enter not, either to distract or disturb. We meet simply as brothers who are linked together in affection through memories of the past; by common dangers incurred, glories gained, privations suffered and hardships endured; and I am thankful that I am permitted to be present with you, and that the privilege of calling to order this meeting of my old comrades devolves upon me."

"But before proceeding with the exercises of this occasion, it is proper that we should return thanks to Almighty God for His goodness in permitting us to be here and in health to-day, and to ask that His blessing may rest upon us all."

"The Rev. Mr. McVieker is requested to lead us in the expression of those thanks and in invoking that blessing."

HINTS FOR VISITORS.—It is when we are temporarily in the homes of others that tact and good breeding tell. It is difficult to attain the art of easily and gracefully adapting one's self to any circumstance, so as to be at home and agreeable, whether all things go to one's satisfaction or not. To be thoroughly pleased with the arrangements that others make for us, after having for a time abandoned our own, is next to impossible. Hence we put as the highest proof of being pleased that we are perfectly at home. Next to being so, is the honest effort to make others feel that you are so. It is the token of true nobility to make even the lowest at ease in your presence. And the advent of such a well-bred person into the house of any family, is soon found to be a pleasure to the old and the young.

While, on the other hand, the airs and tones, and fidgets and fretfulness of a discontented visitor, are enough to make a house wretched to all its inmates.

TO GET RID OF STUMPS.—Mr. W. M. Turner, of Maine, communicates the following to the New York World:

In the Autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, vertically in the centre of the latter, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre; fill the hole with water and plug up close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in about one-half a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.

When a merchant gruffly refuses to advertise, you may set him down as one who will soon hand in his commercial checks and retire from business for the lack of both customers and money. The successful business men are always cheerful, polite, and if not ready to advertise do not fail to appreciate its advantages, especially to attract trade in dull times.

A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

Applicants during office hours will have the satisfaction of knowing that curious ones on the other side of the street can and doubtless will obtain an uninterrupted view of their approach and departure. In the ladies' department a collection of the photographs of the applicants will be kept, and *vice versa* in the gentlemen's department. No applicants of doubtful character will be received, and any ambitious of obtaining admission into the fields of married bliss must produce unequivocal testimony of untarnished honor and all the attributes which make a person eligible to private society. The institution being supported by philanthropists, of course the monetary feature of the business is the least conspicuous, but some attention is paid to it in order that the "bureau" may be self-supporting. A schedule of charges has been scientifically arranged for the benefit of the patrons. The average fee to retain the services of the agent for one month is \$5. At the end of that time, if a congenial companion is not found, the agency refunds the money. If a marriage is consummated the "bureau" is enriched according to the liberality of the bridegroom. No marriage, no money.

A healthy man, medium sized, average looks, middle age, is worth \$5 to the 'bureau.' Take off half a score of years from his age, add a few inches to his stature, give him a graceful moustache and other items of external grace, and his fee of admission depreciates 50 per cent, for the chances of marrying him off, and the ultimate gains are increased by that amount. On the other hand, if he possesses much personal unloveliness, \$7.50 is exacted from him before his vanity is gratified by the exhibition of his picture. Red hair is assessed \$1 extra; a glass eye, \$3; a cork leg or arm, \$5; a slight strabismus, \$1.50; a bad squint, \$2.50; baldness entails 75 cents extra, and false teeth, of ordinary manufacture, \$1. If the artificial molars are neat and not easily detected, they are allowed to pass without extra charge. Deafness costs \$4 extra. Blue, gray, and green eyes are not included in the category of good looks. Brown, hazel, and black eyes are worth 50 cents to the owner, for they save him that amount on the fee. Hair that curls without the suspicion of "kinky" is worth \$1. Small ears are valued at 25 cents, and little feet and hands at double that amount.—San Francisco Post.

PLASTERING THE WRONG MAN.—It was a very embarrassing circumstance, and it happened at the hotel in Mt. Vernon. A man and his wife were stopping there. He told his wife that he must have immediate relief, or he could not live, and thought a mustard draft would relieve him. She hastily rubbed herself, went down stairs and found the watchman, who admitted her to the dining room, and she spread the mustard from the cask on her handkerchief and hastened up stairs. Finding the door ajar, she rushed in, turned down the bed clothes and slapped the mustard draft on the unconscious man's bowels. He instantly sprang up in bed, and in a strange voice said: "My God! Madam, what are you doing?" She had got it on the wrong man. We leave the reader to imagine her feelings. She found her own room, and in accents of horror told her husband the facts. The extreme ludicrousness of the incident set him into an inordinate fit of laughter that relieved him as thoroughly as the mustard plaster would have done. Very early the next morning, before many of the guests were up, a man and woman, trunk, band-boxes, etc., might have been seen leaving the hotel, for the woman's name was on the handkerchief.

BEWARE OF DRUNKARDS.—We tender our thanks to the Vermont judge who the other day, in pronouncing upon a divorce suit, laid down the opinion that when a woman marries a man of known intemperate habits, she takes her happiness, prosperity, and welfare in her own hands, and has no claim for riddance of him thereafter. We have great pity for the wife who is joined to an intemperate husband, but we tremble for the fate of the woman who marries an intemperate man. If these words reach the eye of any woman under engagement of marriage to such a man, we most solemnly appeal to her to pause before she imperils her well-being by accepting any such risk.

OH! THOSE SUNDAY NIGHTS.—A wet Sunday night affects the two classes of lovers in opposite ways. To him who is engaged it is a godsend, as it enables him to snug up to her in the parlor and have the whole evening to himself; but to the other lover, one who is not engaged, a rainy Sunday night is a most painful episode. His footing at the house isn't sure enough to warrant his going there through the storm, and all he can do is to attend the church, and stand in the vestibule, and pull his shirt collar, in the despairing hope that she may appear. She doesn't of course, and he goes back to his dreary home wretched and miserable beyond description. Oh, those days of ecstatic idleness! how their memory overcomes us.

"What would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n 'is pocket to see if he'd time to go home and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."

The fish are suffering. Did you ever think of how foolish a fish must feel just after swallowing a worm, to find himself flitting through the air and then walloping around on the ground with a pain in his jaw?